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**"COME, SEE THE PLACE."**

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.  
O'er troubled billows where the mourner weeps,  
O'er love's cold bier,  
The angel's message to the sorrowful  
Rings sweet and clear:  
"Come, see the place where they have laid the  
Lord;  
Nay, do not fear  
The empty sepulchre; the angel guard  
Alone is here."  
He is not here. Time's restless waves roll  
Fast  
O'er life's dark strand;  
With aching eyes scanning those waters  
Vain  
Earth's mourners stand,  
And see those bubbles rise 'mid that wild  
waste  
Which mark the place  
Where ships went down, dashed o'er by  
salt sea waves,  
Leaving no trace.  
When sorrow growth old, and grief hath  
worn  
Its passion out,  
When dark on aching hearts is laid the  
chill  
Cold grasp of doubt,  
"Come, see the place where they have laid  
the Lord,  
He calms each fear;  
Behold, by faith, the empty sepulchre;  
He is not here."  
When tears are shed, and we are weary,  
worn  
With grief's long night,  
With eyes that hardly care to ope and  
greet  
The morning light;  
And when we listen nevermore to catch  
A step, a tone,  
When the sad burden of a memory  
Is shared alone,  
"Come, see the place," for mourners from  
His tomb  
Have comfort drawn;  
Then walk with faith and hope life's lonely  
road  
Until the dawn —  
The dawn of that fair morn when shadows  
flee  
Of pain, of fear;  
Behold the empty sepulchre; rejoice,  
He is not here!

**SOME EXPERIENCES IN INDIA.**

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

As I sit in my study, or pass about among the people in this far-off land, I see and hear many things which I think would be of interest to the readers of the HERALD, could they, too, perceive them, and would throw light on some phases of missionary life in this country. So, with the editor's kind permission, I will draw on my note-book occasionally for a few of these experiences.  
I saw, the other day, at the Lucknow station of the Oudh and Rohilcund railway, a painful, but, unhappily, not a very uncommon, sight. A poor old man, a native, with white locks, whose trembling hands were encumbered with a variety of packages, and whose simple mind was greatly confused by the bustle and hurry of the multitudes crowding to take passage, and by the novelty of the whole thing, got by mistake into the wrong carriage — a second-class instead of a third-class. There was no official there to guide him aright, and the well-meant explanations of others tendered him he did not comprehend. He had got happily settled with his many bundles, and was congratulating himself that so many of his difficulties were safely over, when up comes a pert young understrapper, a mere lad, and rudely orders him out. He attempts to obey, but he is feeble and much agitated; his hands shake, he cannot readily grasp all his bundles; some of them fall, and he stoops to pick them up; he is doing the best he can to get down, but it does not satisfy the blustering whippersnapper, "dressed in a little brief authority," who is kept waiting a few seconds outside. He seizes the old man with great roughness and pulls him violently out, knocking his white head against the door, and scattering his parcels. My blood boiled, and I longed to express my mind with plainness to that ill-mannered youth. He would probably have said, "What does it matter? Don't make such a fuss about a nigger." For, contrary to all the dictates of ethnology, to say nothing of Christianity or human kindness, such is the contemptuous expression used in former days toward our darker-skinned Aryan brothers almost universally by the lower or rougher classes of Europeans and Eurasians, and still heard very frequently in moments of irritation.  
There is a great deal of race hatred, jealousy and rivalry in this country, like that between the Irish

and the negro, or the Irish and the Chinese, in America, and for a similar reason — competition in labor and trade. It tends to increase rather than to diminish. As the Indians get better educated, and comprehend better their rights under British law, they are not inclined to put up so tamely as before with insolence and rude assaults, and they are able to run a closer race for all the posts under government, once monopolized by those of white skins and partial or total European ancestry. And as this latter class increases, from various causes, and is pushed more and more to the wall by the natives, who can work more cheaply and are more docile and temperate, their love for them, it may well be supposed, does not grow. The friction is naturally greatest between those nearest on a level — between the darker, more shiftless, more immoral class of Eurasians, and the enterprising natives, who, by greater cleverness, patience and industry, easily pass beyond them. No disturbance can arise so long as the British Government with its strong arm dominates the land; but any favors shown to one class, to the prejudice of the other, are closely watched, criticised and protested against by the newspaper organs of those who think themselves aggrieved. And as to what will be the ultimate adjustment of these races when Britain withdraws from India, no one can now tell. It is to be hoped that by that time Christianity will have become a ruling factor in the land, and, if so, many things will be changed.  
Drink is doubtless the chief cause of the destitution and vagrancy which have overtaken hundreds of Europeans and thousands of Eurasians in this country. No sooner do they get a situation than they lose it through their inability to keep from liquor. Then they become wanderers, tramping from town to town, or getting passed over the railroads by some benevolent individual who has been induced to believe that they had a situation in prospect at the next station, or, perhaps, was glad to get them out of sight. Every chaplain, missionary, minister, or kindly-disposed Christian layman has to deal with a never-ending succession of these tramps and beggars; and very hard it is oftentimes to know just what to do with them. Some of them tell so smooth and straight a story, back it up with such skillfully-contrived proofs, have such an appearance of honesty and real need, that they come clearly among those cases in which a man would have been ashamed not to have been imposed on. For they are impostors, almost without exception — even those who make the most plausible showing. One such comes forcibly to my mind just now because he called on me only a few days ago. He was of prepossessing appearance, faultlessly dressed, as respectable in his looks as any morning visitor need to be; he showed that he was well educated, had been trained for the ministry at Bishop's College, and had with him maps, plans and papers about which he talked most intelligently; moreover, his speech was, alas, of the most pious description! He had been robbed the night before of all his money, and he was under the very embarrassing necessity of asking for a slight loan — not a gift — for which he willingly gave his note, promising prompt repayment, in order that he might obtain his luggage from the station and get home to the indigo plantation of which he was manager. He secured the rupees, and in a few days I obtained conclusive evidence that it was — as I strongly suspected and hinted at the time, but had not the heart to insist upon, in the face of his vehement and plausible protestations — the usual compound of falsehood and drink. When one sees, as I have such constant occasion to, how speedily and surely intoxicating drink utterly destroys all the manhood and womanhood of some of God's finest creatures, deadening all sense of honor and truthfulness and shame, it is no wonder that I am filled with exceeding indignation at the folly of those who tamper with this ferocious wild beast, and the villainy of those who put the wine-glass in their neighbor's or their brother's lips.  
I could write at great length on

the subject of beggars, for they form a very large and prominent factor in Indian life. Beggars to the right of us, beggars to the left of us, beggars in front of us, beggars behind us, beseech and besiege. There are beggars in the street and beggars at the door; beggars with written petitions, and beggars without any; beggars that have sores and deformities to which they can call attention, and beggars that rely on small children to stir the compassionate breast. Beggars sit persistently at the gate, swarm in the yard, plant themselves resolutely in front of the verandah, fling themselves despairingly at your feet refusing to get up, make night hideous with their cries, pollute the air of day with their diseases, and in general render life a burden. The cries adopted by the fakirs and other professional beggars that haunt the streets of Lucknow are very various and ingenious. Such as are enterprising and wide-awake in the pursuit of their business have invented some very original forms of presenting their claims before a long-suffering, and, for the most part, unappreciative public. They have constructed striking sentences; they have hit upon peculiar tones; they have concocted choruses, and they have found out how to avail themselves thoroughly of the power of persistent repetition. All this, of course, is for the purpose of commanding attention, awakening interest, asserting individuality, and so increasing the cash receipts. These peculiar cries become a sort of trade mark, and are worth considerable money; and so far as we have noticed, the patent rights of inventors are respected by their brethren in the trade. As a rule, they are brazen-faced liars and loafers, rascally impostors, an unmitigated nuisance, and a shameless insult to the honest industry on which they prey. They are one of the deepest plague-spots of the country. As I have enlarged my acquaintance with them, I have been increasingly struck with the close connection, not only in sound but in substance, between mendacity and mendacity. There are, of course, some genuine sufferers and a few cases deserving relief, but to discriminate between them and the worthless impostors whom it is a sin to encourage, is not easy without great expenditure of time, and one's heart almost insensibly grows hardened to the cry of woe.  
But let me conclude my letter with a pleasant topic — an instructive and refreshing answer to prayer, which I had a short time ago from the lips of our dear sister, Amanda Smith. At one of the stations recently visited by her, Rs. 25 were slipped into her hand by a generous friend as she was leaving; and not being in special need of so much just then, she thought she would taste the luxury of sending part of it to help a native preacher doing a good work in South India, in whom she had become much interested. The money was sent, and in the letter of warm thanks acknowledging it, mention was made by the preacher of what great assistance to him in his work a magic lantern would be. At once it was laid upon her heart to procure it for him, if possible. But how? She had no means. It must come in some way from the Lord's great treasury. Knowing nothing whatever of the details, she proceeded to make inquiries of one and another as to the cost and the manner of procuring it. Some said Rs. 300, others Rs. 400, and still others Rs. 500 would be needed, but no one seemed to know much about it, or to care. At last one wrote somewhat more definitely that a good one could be obtained for Rs. 150, and that Dr. Boardman of London would be happy to order it. So far so good. But still the funds were lacking. At length, after much prayer, the decision was reached to write three letters, mentioning the need to three benevolent Christian friends in Bombay. It was done, and results awaited in due time. Straightway came back from one of the three, who is well known for his generous aid to all good causes, the following reply: "My wife and I have prayed over this matter, and we have concluded it is of the Lord that we do this thing. How will you have the money sent — direct to the branch, or direct to England, or to yourself?" And thus it was the prayer was answered, not so wonderfully as if there had been no personal application but quite as really, for God by no means forbids us the proper use of ordinary means; and the work is just as truly a "faith work," and the result just as truly from Him, in the one case as in the other. All glory be to His holy name!  
Lucknow, March, 1881.

**"THOU-GOD-SEEST-ME" CLASS.**

Perfection vs. Human Nature.

A Methodist class, established to all appearances by accident, but, as we now firmly believe, by the design of Almighty God, took for its motto the above words, "Thou God Seest Me."  
It was agreed that each member — and there are but five in all — should carry in his pocket a small and very thin memorandum book of six pages, from which writing could be erased, upon the first page of which was the picture of an eye surrounded by the words of the motto. This was to be a book of daily record, having debit and credit sides; upon the former were to be recorded all transgressions of the day, whether by deed or thought, commission or omission, and upon the credit side was to be written whatever was accomplished each day for the Master. When the book was filled, its contents were to be copied into a larger journal and preserved.  
The class consisted of five men, who were earnest, faithful Christians. The organization was effected in secret, and the meetings were carried on in secret, lest, if the matter were to be made public, the charge of living peculiar lives for the sake of attracting attention might be made against them. They well represented the different walks of life — an apothecary, a shoemaker, a manufacturer, a grocer, a shoe-cutter, and a bill-collector; and as we look back upon the time that has elapsed since they first met as a class, and see how wonderfully these men of different temperaments and habits, of varied tastes and talents, of widely differing purposes and pursuits in life, have been kept together by a common love, we are amazed, until we realize how perfectly the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ adapts itself to every rank in life, and to every want and necessity of man.  
What object had these five men in view? At the outset no definite object at all. The subject of living perfect lives having been brought up, they began to discuss the impossibilities of reaching perfection in this world. It was agreed that each should give the question the deepest investigation in his power, and confer together at a time appointed. They met, and thus commenced a series of interesting and important meetings which have produced incalculable results, and will probably continue to make their influence felt far beyond the lives of their members. The meetings have been held each week for quite a length of time, and the discussions and conversations have been attended not only by brilliancy of thought and depth of understanding, but the Spirit of God has enlightened the minds of these men to a wonderful degree with gifts as well as with grace.  
Christian perfection! Is it attainable in this world? Letting the extremes alone, avoiding all fanaticism, but blending our lives with God's, learning to live as though His eye were constantly before us in plain sight, and making the love of Him the motor of our every thought and act — is this possible? If it is, the question is solved.  
At the first meeting this was simply discussed. It was remembered that in the Conference of the year 1761, John Wesley dwelt at considerable length upon the society at Otley, in Yorkshire, where quite a number of Methodists professed to have reached perfection. In 1760 there were sixteen out of the 2,350 members composing the London society who declared that they had attained to this state of grace. Wesley had been to Otley and had examined the sanctified Methodists there one by one. The testimony of some of them he doubted; but concerning a large majority he said, "Unless they told willful and deliberate lies, it was plain, 1. That they felt no inward sin, and, to the best of their knowledge, were committed no outward sin; 2. That they saw and loved God every moment; 3. That they had constantly a clear witness from God of sanctification." Wesley added: "In this I do rejoice and will rejoice, call it what you please. I would to God thousands had experienced the same!"  
At the first meeting of the "Thou-God-Seest-Me" class, its members were all anxious to make a personal test of this great problem, and it was asked if each one would agree to set apart a certain time during which they would seek perfect sanctification and endeavor to live sinless lives. They all assented. They agreed that the trial should continue for one month. It remained to be settled when this period should begin.  
"At once," suggested the shoe-cutter, who was full of overflowing God's love. "We can consecrate ourselves to God in prayer this very moment."  
"We must not enter upon so sacred a task without full preparation," said the apothecary; "let us be frank with each other. Are there not stains upon our hearts this very moment that must first be erased? Is there not some sin in our minds which we are fostering for to-morrow? Let us listen to our conscience and make friends with it, so that we shall have fair sailing and a smooth sea. For my part, there is a wrong which I must undo, in connection with my business. I resolve to undo that wrong, but I cannot carry out the resolution until to-morrow. There are certain physicians who are paid a commission by me for sending their patients to my drug-store with their prescriptions; and I have reason to believe that these physicians have induced people to trade with me by misrepresentations and compulsory orders, for the sake of gain. I am guilty of no wrong act, for I sell to everybody at the same prices, but my conscience is not clear as long as I am a party to transactions that are unfair to the patients of these doctors."  
It proved to be the fact that each person present had something in his life that was not right, and which must be made different. On further consideration it was unanimously agreed that a week should be spent in prayerful preparation, at the end of which time the season of special effort should begin; that they should meet every week for mutual advice and encouragement; that if any should be in doubt as to whether certain things were right or wrong, and conscience failed to prompt them, they should discuss the matters for each one's opinion; and if any one of them professed to have lived a sinless life for ever so short a period, he should be subjected to a full examination by the others, to see if he might be laboring under a mistake.  
This was, in substance, all that was transacted at the first meeting of the "Thou-God-Seest-Me" class; but the subsequent meetings were interesting and profitable.  
**METHODISM IN PARIS.**  
[A Congregationalist, who was converted in the engine-house in Newton Centre, where the M. E. Church in that portion of the city had its birth, writes this interesting letter to the superintendent of the Sunday-school of that church. — ED. HERALD.]  
DEAR BROTHER: I find in an adjoining street a little Methodist church that so much reminds me of Newton Centre, that I feel I must write you and tell you of it.  
As you are probably aware, the Jesuits of the Roman Catholic Church were the agents of the Pope in installing Napoleon III to make war with the Germans; and they operated upon the feelings of the Emperor, who conspired with the war-office officers to misinform the Emperor as to the true state of the preparations of France for war. Consequently, a lasting and heavy defeat of the French by the Germans; and the French now wake up to the fact that the Roman Catholic Church has been too much associated with the government of the country, and have taken from the Catholic clergy the direction of the public schools and driven the Jesuits from France. All this helps the Protestant cause; and amid the Episcopalians, the Congregationalists, and the Baptists, the Methodists flourish as well, if not better, than any. I was at the Methodist chapel a few nights since, and there was a

lecture on travels in Italy. There were several interludes in the lecture (which was illustrated by photographs thrown on a large sheet), and during the interludes there were displayed upon the sheet the verses of one of our Moody and Sankey songs, "Whiter than snow," etc. Of course the room was darkened, which allowed the attention of all the audience to be directed to the verses, and no one could observe how the others sang. It seemed to give perfect freedom, and I think I never heard such hearty singing. My whole soul seemed to go out in the song. I sang so that a gentleman who sat beside me, after the meeting, grasped my hand and said, "You're a Methodist, I know, from your singing." I mention this because I think it would be a pretty device some time to make your Sunday-school concert interesting.  
The society is very flourishing, and the life and vivacity of the services, and the emotional worship of the Methodists, seem to agree with the French and Italian natures very well. Even in Rome, as I was informed by Mr. Van Meter, the evangelist, the Methodist chapel there furnished the best of workers.  
But I must tell you of my surprise in finding in France and Italy, both city and country, the people so ignorant and prejudiced, ground down by Catholicism, and yet so ready to know more of the true Gospel. At every place I have visited I have not only seen with my own eyes, but have heard from the best of sources such accounts that I can only exclaim, "The harvest truly is ready, and the fields white with ripened grain; where are the reapers?" Tell your Sunday-school scholars that every night in the week, from 5:30 to 8, in Paris, Mr. McAll has schools, composed of three hundred scholars, who come, after their day schools (many of them), to read and commit to memory passages of the Bible. All are very poor and very ignorant, and many are persecuted by the priests and Catholic people for so doing. There were little girls with infants in their arms; and upon inquiry I learned that the mothers, being compelled to go out to work, had left their babies in the care of the elder sisters, or of some neighbor, and they rather than miss the meeting, had brought the babies with them.  
In Rome I saw schools of boys and girls who would stand up and repeat whole chapters in the Bible at a time. Two of the boys I noticed particularly as being poorly clad. I was told that one of them had never had a shirt or a coat to cover his body, winter or summer, before that week; and the other was covered with nothing but rags. Yet those two little fellows stood up and repeated their verses with as much pride as if they were kings; and they sang Moody and Sankey tunes and songs translated into Italian, and sung so loud that the Pope, whose windows were open and near the school, had publicly noticed the "scandal to his worship" and that of the faithful Catholics, and had sent men to disturb the meetings. They were shut up for a time, but afterwards opened. One cardinal, Sig. Grassi, was converted from the preaching he heard under the tent which the Sunday-school Society of Newton had presented to Mr. Van Meter. I saw a hole in one of the Catholic churches of Rome made by a cannon ball from the army of Victor Emanuel when he conquered the Pope and took possession of Rome; but, let me tell you, the Sunday-schools of Newton made a bigger hole in the Pope's church when they gave that tent!  
**"AD ASTERA PER ASPERA."**  
BY E. O. PHIBBS, M. D.  
This was the significant and appropriate motto that decorated one of the streets of Washington in the vicinity of the Executive Mansion on the 4th ult. — the *per aspera* illustrated upon the canvas by the plough-boy grasping the handles and following his horses, and the *ad astra* by the inauguration of President Garfield to the highest office in the gift of the American people, amid the acclamations of more than a hundred thousand people, accompanied with banners waving, music resounding, and military platoon and civic associations in procession numbered by tens of thousands. The peaceable re-

tirement of the chief magistrate of a great nation to private life, and the installation of his successor by the verdict of millions of patriotic citizens, constitute an event worthy the study of the philanthropist and the admiration of the world. May it so continue with this nation till time with hoary age announces the dissolution of the things terrestrial, and their transformation into the celestial!  
President Garfield is a noteworthy example of the possibilities of a nature constitutionally capacious and morally and intellectually cultured. Though but few reach the utmost goal, the genius of our institutions is such that many may well grudge themselves for the race with the reasonable expectation of personal honor and public usefulness. But let the aspirant avoid that monstrosity which results from highly developing the brain and dwarfing the heart. The moral nature is the only sure foundation upon which to erect a monumental character. Let this be well laid, and cemented with the graces of a pure Christianity, and the edifice will withstand the storms of adversities and the erosions of time. It augurs well for humanity and religion that an increasing demand exists for an unblemished reputation in the candidate for public office.  
The Baltimore Conference of 1881 is an event of the past. For weeks previous to its assembling the question in the preachers' weekly meeting had been, substantially, "What can be done to render Methodism more successful in and around this city?" Of the numerous suggestions made, none seemed to find so hearty a response as that which looked to a fuller consecration to God and a richer endowment of the Holy Spirit. Methodism can ill afford to dispense with the divine anointing. When the church lays aside well-tried and successful methods for those more in accord with worldly style, she will become the antitype of David in Saul's armor. What the Church now needs is, relatively, more Bible and less rhetoric, more plain food and less dessert. Daniel, with his associates, fed on pulse, "appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat." And so will it be to the end of the world.  
In conversation, a few days since, with Rev. R. N. Baer, pastor of the Metropolitan Church in Washington, I learned that the debt on the building had been increased some six thousand or more dollars within the last few years by the non-payment of the interest. Fifteen of the forty thousand dollars were assigned, by the bishops, to the congregation, who have responded to the apportionment; but the Church — to which this enterprise belongs — has not yet met the call for the \$25,000. It seems a pity that this fine edifice, erected in the interest of the whole church, should continue longer embarrassed with a debt which might be liquidated by the payment of two cents per capita of the whole membership of the country.  
**SOME EDUCATIONAL SIMILARITIES OF THE EAST AND WEST.**  
BY REV. J. B. ROBINSON, D. D.  
The eastern students are more stayed by forms, while the western ones are freely emancipated from forms, like their prairies. Those East are content to fasten upon their books with a granite grip, holding the theory; these West earlier relinquish, but is more inquisitive for the practical beyond. Eastern students are ardent investigators for the love of knowledge; the western are utilitarians of the practical school. In the East men bend all their energies upon the solid branches; in the West they compromise upon music, elocution and the short courses. Those East are of the East, eastern; those West, western.  
Mind is precisely similar, East and West. Real education is as much valued in the West as real education in the East. The West, being newer and broader, has more schemes and shams of educational pretenses uneliminated than the East. But shams anywhere soon dissolve in oblivion. Eastern colleges, having more age, have better endowments and cabinets; but western ones, starting when educational appropriations and tendencies were zealous, are not a particle behind the eastern in appliances. The public-school system can be far better organized over rural districts in agricultural States; hence the country schools of the West rather surpass those of the manufacturing East. The public schools of the cities do not materially differ. The large appropriations of public lands in the newer West for educational purposes, make a prospective result truly magnificent.  
The educational end is the same, East and West. The two sections are one in elevating the people with a liberal Christian education. They are both permeated with the progressive spirit of the age. Would that the great South, also, where our Maker has clustered inviting natural advantages, had a co-working human wisdom and foresight to diffuse education among all the people without regard to sex, color or previous condition! While the West is indebted to the East for many of its best educators, yet the compliment has been returned in such men as Chancellor Sims and others.  
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Onarga, Ill.











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# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1881.

Ministers and church officers are sometimes afraid to press the ethical and benevolent claims of Christian faith on new converts, lest such pressure should cause them to recede from the further pursuit of godliness. Such timidity is a snare to the convert, and likely to cause the church by encouraging a low ethical conscience in its members. Better, far better, make the convert understand, from the start, that a faith which does not purify the life, is dead. A case in point is found in the memoir of a Wesleyan minister who refused to admit a newly-converted widow to church privileges unless she would consent to give up the profitable practice of baking food for the public on Sunday mornings. The woman hesitated long, because she feared her business of baking would become unprofitable if that part of it were given up. But the minister was firm. The woman's faith proved to be vital, and she gave up her Sunday business for Christ's sake. The first Sunday after making this sacrifice on the altar of principle, she ever after spoke of as the happiest day of her life. She then tasted the joy of the ethical triumph of her faith. Nor did that act of obedience go unrewarded, for God's blessing on her general business made it more prosperous than before. Thus did a minister's fidelity develop individual faith and maintain the ethical standard of church life. A contrary course would have made the woman, at best, a sickly saint, and cast a moral blot on the visible life of the church.

The age in which we live is singularly fruitful of expedients to get rid of our old-fashioned Bible, with its simple doctrines of the depravity and sinfulness of man by nature, and of his regeneration through the faith of God's mercy by Jesus Christ. As a proof of this, many worn-out pagan notions, which were exploded with the advent of the Christian philosophy, are nowadays clothed in new forms of language and rhetoric by men for whom spiritual insight and inspiration are claimed; and these notions from the mummy pits of the past are proclaimed, with a flourish, as new discoveries in the world of religious thought. Now, a truly earnest mind dreads to be thought behindhand in its perceptions of moral truth; and through fear of being looked upon as old-foggy and slow, many really good men have hastily accepted the wildest follies, and so have made shipwreck of the substantial Christian hopes which they had long cherished.

No man is respected, by either friends or foes, who has not the courage to defend his convictions. Such courage is particularly necessary to a newly-converted man. Cowardice in his case excites the contempt of his former associates and encourages them to make him the butt of their sportive jests. But courage which enables him to boldly avow his faith and his purpose to be loyal to it, and which impels him to urge them to follow his example, confounds, and, not seldom, wins them to the truth. As the Roman general who carried the war into Africa compelled the invader of his country to quit its soil in sheer self-defense, so when new converts turn upon the wicked with earnest exhortations, they compel them to cease their persecutions and to act on the defensive. And young faith never grows so fast as when its possessor bravely carries the flag of his divine Leader into the camp of the enemy.

Dr. Coke once solicited and obtained a missionary contribution from a captain in the British navy. Meeting a friend the same day, the officer said, "Pray, sir, do you know anything of a little fellow who calls himself Dr. Coke, and who is going about begging money for the missionaries?" The gentleman replied, "Yes, I know him well." The captain rejoined: "He seems to be a heavenly-minded little devil. He coaxed me out of two guineas this morning." That Coke could coax such a gift from an irreligious man, illustrates his persuasive powers. The paradoxical phrase by which the captain described him, proves the profound spirituality of his appeal. It evidently made that godless sailor feel that Coke was indeed the

messenger of God pleading for help to save the world. And is not this the spirit in which all missionary appeals should be made?

Thirteen Indian mothers in Alaska confessed to a missionary that they had killed their infant girls to save them from the misery which they themselves suffered, and which is the lot of all women in most of the Indian tribes of that great country. These Indians, to the number of 30,000, are accessible to missionaries; their country is under our national flag; life is safe among them; some of them are very earnestly desirous of religious instruction. Nevertheless, our church, through lack of means, has no missionary there. Our Presbyterian brethren have a few men and women laboring in a section of that field with success. Ought the Methodist itinerant to be long absent from a sphere which is particularly adapted to circuit work? Let him whose heart responds "no," add somewhat to his missionary contribution, so that our missionary committee at its next meeting may be able to put Alaska on its noble list of mission fields.

## THE MORMON CANON.

The late Mormon Representative in Congress, and the contestant still of the position of his own successor, at length speaks out in defense of his people. His argument, in the current number of the *North American*, will be a surprise on account of its garb of piety, in view of the uncontradicted statements which have been made in reference to its author, its weakness as a chain of reasoning, and the brazen effrontery with which he claims a moral standing for the polygamous creed of Mormonism, in the light of the nineteenth century.

We are not surprised that some public declaration was thought necessary. We have wondered that it has not appeared before. The astute leaders of this barbarous faith have rather (and wisely) avoided public controversy. They have sought to secure the quiet enjoyment of their abominations by shrewd political management, artfully covering themselves against the execution, within their territorial limits, of the law of the land.

Mr. Cannon's article in the *North American* is a response, but not an answer, to the very able, calm, but terrible indictment of Mormonism in the March number of this periodical, written by Judge C. C. Goodwin. It ought to be read by all thoughtful Americans, and fully justifies the earnest sentences of President Garfield, in his inaugural, in reprobation of the dangerous and demoralizing system, and his expression of a firm purpose to use all his influence to secure its extermination. Judge Goodwin shows that it is not from the polygamous creed and practices of Mormonism only that the country has the most to fear, but that its government is a deadly menace to republican institutions. No autocratic government on earth is more absolute than that of the Mormon leaders. The masses of the population—a large proportion of them ignorant, sincere, deceived emigrants from the industrial classes of Europe—having accepted the faith of the "Latter Day Saints," are the abject and almost helpless slaves of an arbitrary government. Their political action is more positively determined by their president and his counselors than was ever the vote of a Roman Catholic by his religious superior. This population is rapidly spreading into the surrounding territories; still paying its annual tribute to the central authority, and ready to respond in political action to any requisition of the leaders. Judge Goodwin thinks if active and effectual measures are postponed "for fifteen years longer, nothing less than an exhausting civil war will suffice to overcome this open enemy of republican government."

Representative Cannon opens with a protest against the prevailing presumption among intelligent men that there is only one side to the Mormon question. He thinks such persons will be surprised to learn that the "Latter Day Saints" revere the Old and New Testaments as the Word of God, look for salvation through Christ as the Redeemer of the world, and insist upon chastity in men as well as women. He takes no ordinary pride in affirming that a dreadful class of women, to be found in the streets of large "Gentile" cities, are never seen among them. Sure enough; and the same assertion was made in reference to the wonderful preservative power of slavery in Southern cities. It was the sacred defense of the domestic hearth! No abandoned white women were to be found in their city streets. Where lust can gratify itself by law, what occasion is there for further license? Mr. Cannon thinks Abraham and the patriarchs would find themselves more at home in Utah than in any other portion of the country. But the West is not farther from the East than the simple, unaffected piety and quiet domestic life of the men who lived

in the morning of time and in the earliest dispensations of religious light, are from the mean, degraded, unhappy, separate cabins of the different wives and children of polygamous Mormons.

We do not ignorantly slander a pious, happy and flourishing people. Too many of their members have turned State witnesses. From the family of the late Brigham Young himself, we have the testimony of his daughter Dora—who has broken the bonds, at no little peril to herself, of this church, which affirms its infallibility and executes its own laws by all the powers of the State, which is simply its political exponent—who declares that the first thing that opened her eyes to the atrocities practiced under the name of religion in Utah, was the wholesale perjury resorted to by her father and others in high authority in the church to circumvent the laws of the land and to defeat justice. We have heard, also, the testimony of not the "Gentile" women living in Salt Lake City only, but of the former wives of leading Mormons, such as "Wife No. 19" of Young himself. We know how depressing and degrading both the social and religious systems are under which they live, and the deplorable condition of their children. No assertion of Mr. Cannon that plural marriage is an extraordinary act of devotion, requiring heroic courage to accept it and submit to it, which, with the spirit of martyrs, they endure, can alter either the character of the iniquity or the facts relating to its results. No plausible description of the industry, thrift and wealth of Mormons can change the moral character of their great crime against nature and against God and man. They have wrought wonders indeed in the central desert of the country, and developed its agricultural and mineral wealth; so did enslaved Egyptians, under despotic princes, build the pyramids and the temples whose ruins are the wonder and study of the ages. It is not the cry of religion and freedom that Utah raises against the light and conscience of the age, but it is the specious appeal of powerful leaders, holding thousands in ignorant and helpless subjection by both religious superstitions and the terror of political power, to be permitted to enjoy and perpetuate without molestation their tyrannical and immoral course. It is a shame to a Christian nation to permit such barbarism to exist unchecked in its bosom. It is an act of folly to allow the constant growth of a political, irresponsible power within its bounds, rendered more perilous by its religious pretensions, which defies both its laws and its magistrates. There must be a legitimate way to put a stop to it, and one of the earliest acts of congressional legislation should be a comprehensive, wise and effective measure to make Utah ultimately a free State, in the true sense of the word, and to put an end to the illegal, adulterous courses now practiced under the color of a religious creed.

## THE METHODIST QUARTERLY.

The first paper in the April number, on "Man's Place in History," is contributed by James C. Southall, esq., Richmond, Va. He presents the latest phase of the discussion among geologists of the antiquity of man. Two recent notable works are reviewed—Prof. Dawkins' "Early Man in Britain," and Prof. A. Smith's "Preadamites," and the remarkable fact is brought out that while both were simultaneously written to establish the remote antiquity of the human race, the English book is an undesigned answer to the American, and that they mutually destroy each other, like the Kilkenny cats. Prof. Winchell devises a continent for the cradle of his Preadamites called Lemuria, in the Indian Ocean. This continent the Englishman and other geologists deny by showing that the continents, in their general outlines, have never changed, and that no continent has disappeared. Thus prehistoric archeology is in a fair way to be devoured by its own advocates, just as the "destructive criticism" of the German scholars destroys one another and confirms the Bible.

Rev. George W. Henning is the writer of the second paper, "The Old Bible; The Hebrew Bible Distinguished Among Them." The line of argument is that the ethnic religions and their sacred books had a common origin on the plains of Shinar; that originally they were pervaded by two great truths, the unity of God and the prophecy of a coming Redeemer; but that the Hebrew Bible towers above them all in that it fixes the Redeemer's line of descent. Hence the conclusion is that there is no Redeemer Jesus in Israel, and none in Israel unless Jesus of Nazareth. The Bible is also superior in the fact that it has not been corrupted in later times for aid support to priestly greed, impure idolatry and degrading superstitions, as have the books of the pagan religions. Again, none of these religions have a New Testament describing the Redeemer as already come, nor can they ever have one, because their books are closed without any precisely defined and limited promise by which the Redeemer would be known if He should appear. But our Old Testament is a finger-point to the New. Hence the beauty of Augustine's words: "In the Old Testa-

ment the New lies hidden; in the New the Old lies open."

"Some Characteristics of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," is the theme on which Prof. Winchester, of the Wesleyan University, discourses very charmingly and very instructively. In his wide range of knowledge and brilliant style, he reminds us of the reviews of Macaulay. He characterizes the eighteenth century as logical rather than intuitional, superficial and practical in its thinking, critical, destructive and skeptical in its speculations. The *review* of the poetry, philosophy, ethics, apologetics, and theology of that period shows the hand of a master. One sentence strikingly portrays the tendency of Methodism in our day since she has become scholastic: "To a period of enthusiasm, of faith, of philosophic insight, is sure to succeed a longer period during which mental activity is chiefly directed to the criticism of accepted beliefs. An age of faith is followed by an age of skepticism." We rise from the perusal of this intensely interesting paper, mentally commending the wisdom of our modern educators in giving the study of English literature a place in the collegiate curriculum.

The next article, by D. Dorchester, D. D., is on "The Relations of the Churches and Mr. Garrison to the American Anti-slavery Movement." Our distinguished Methodist antiquarian and ecclesiastical statistician briefly enumerates the associated and individual efforts for the abolition of slavery from 1675, near the beginning of that baneful institution. Among these he quotes Rev. George Whitefield, in 1739, as "addressing a letter to the southern colonies sharply denouncing the system and its barbarities—a testimony frequently repeated in the subsequent towns in America during thirty years." We cannot reconcile this statement with this passage in Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. 3, p. 488: "Whitefield, who believed that God's providence would certainly make slavery terminate for the advantage of the Africans, pleaded before the trustees in its favor, as essential to the prosperity of Georgia." This was within the thirty years above mentioned. It is a hard, historical fact that Georgia was changed from anti-slavery to pro-slavery in 1750 through the plea of this Christian Demosthenes. The purpose of Dr. Dorchester, in this first paper, is to show that from 1675 to 1832 the leading champions of anti-slavery were chiefly representatives of the churches which had uttered emphatic testimony and enacted stringent discipline against slavery.

Bishop Hurst discusses "The Place of Congregationalism in History and Literature," in a lucid style and a catholic spirit. He details the life of Browne, his early hostility to the Church of England, and his subsequent reconciliation and forty years' service therein. Then he describes the Brownists, who adopted Browne's discarded writings. The key-note of their opposition to the Church of England was the incurable ungodliness of its members. Hence Brownism advocated separation, but Methodism reformation. God guided both. The marvelous power of satire is shown in the sketch of the pamphlets of Martin Marprelate, exposing the vices of priests and bishops. John Robinson, persecuted out of England, turned persecutor of the Arminians in Holland. Further on we read with painful interest of the spiritual decay of Congregationalism through the half-way covenant culminating in the Unitarian heresy. This paper is exceedingly valuable to those who cannot buy Dr. Dexter's book, which is its basis.

The small circle of readers who revel in German philosophy will find special satisfaction in the paper on Hermann Lotze by W. L. Gooding, A. M. Lotze had a public introduction to the American people in the lectures of Joseph Cook. He is the greatest living philosopher. His leanings are strongly towards theism. He is no friend of the atheistic scheme of evolution. He regards the permanence of the theories of Darwin, and the science of ethics too serious a matter to be resolved into a question of worms and frogs.

There follows a brief but very instructive paper, by our old friend, Dr. Charles Adams, on that modern English pagan, Harriet Martineau, with a description of her varied literary productions. All our interest in this attractive writer deepens into sadness as we see her making the natural transition from Unitarianism into the rayless darkness of a total eclipse of faith in Christianity.

In the amount of editorial work put into the synopsis of the quarterlies, the foreign religious intelligence, and the quarterly book table, this *Quarterly* surpasses all others in America.

## Editorial Items.

Vermont and New Hampshire Conferences occurring in the same week, rendered it necessary for us to pay only flying visits to each. It is always pleasant to simply greet the brethren, and especially when they are enjoying the goodly fellowship of each other. Everything that can be said about the church paper conducted in their interests has been often repeated, but fresh suggestions, criticisms and requests are gathered by such a visit, of which it is our pleasure to avail ourself, in order to render the weekly visits of *Zion's Herald* as grateful as possible to its patrons, and to extend its circulation. Vermont nearly every year finds some beautiful new village, with its attractive homes, its sessions delightful to its members and visitors. This year it was Bradford, on the western hillside, skirting a broad and picturesque interval of the Connecticut, the other side of the broad valley being bounded by the Franconia and Mt. Washington ranges. Far in the east, and opposite the village, the noble height of Mosiatah, capped still with its wintry head-dress, raises its venerable crown. The town lies some distance from the Passumpsic railway, its neat residences situated on both sides of a long street winding around the mountain side. Its business center exhibits considerable activity, and several manufacturing avails themselves of its water power.

In the centre of the village, in an unpicturesque but comfortable house, the present executive governor of the State, an intelligent lawyer, Mr. Farnham, much respected in his own town and throughout the Commonwealth, has his home. His rooms were courteously offered for the entertainment of the Conference guests, and all Christian movements find a ready sympathy in him. The Methodist church is the most conspicuous edifice in the place; its Congregational colleague, varying but little in style of architecture, standing on the opposite side of the street. The church has just been rebuilt and refitted, under the vigorous administration of Pastor Truax. It is very neat and equally convenient. Last May the present eloquent pastor of Grace Church, Boston, rededicated it, in a sermon that lingered in the memories of the people. The church itself is of long standing, having enjoyed the ministrations of the earlier bishops and venerated but departed fathers.

Bishop Andrews is the presiding officer, but enjoys the presence and councils of Bishop Harris. It usually is a restful office to moderate the business of a Vermont Conference and arrange the distribution of its preachers, but here, a heavy, happy, devout and brotherly-loving body, accepting courageously and even joyfully the incidents of itinerant life. This year they have the unique incident of a decided sensation. At the last General Conference the committee on Conference boundaries included, against the protestations of the preachers and churches, the Burlington diocese within the Vermont Conference. This had once before been done, and then undone at a succeeding session of that body. Of its desirability so far as the Vermont Conference is concerned, no one questions; but the social and religious alliances of this diocese have always been with northern New York, and they very peremptorily forbid the banners of the new ecclesiastical marriage. Their personal and intellectual sympathies in respect and avowed the sympathy of outside parties in and out of the church; but their revolutionary action, in a number of instances, in alienating their church property from its original dedication to the M. E. Church, and peremptory refusal to secure redress only by such measures as the government of the church opens to them, occasioned repression, in a degree of this sympathy in their behalf. As we write, the question still remains open. The Troy Conference, with extraordinary unanimity (there being only a minority of sixteen), stand by the agitated district, and affirm the unconstitutionality of the process by which the change in the boundary line was effected. A commission was appointed to visit the Vermont Conference and to ask for a corresponding commission from its members to attempt an amicable adjustment of the difficulty. Vermont, in courteous but very decided words, refused to open again the discussion, preferring to abide by the decision of the General Conference at all hazards. The long debate has awakened intense feeling, although a tendency to patiently seek redress by purely disciplinary measures is apparent. A corresponding commission from its members to the ministers of the Burlington diocese, but it is not necessary that more than one or two changes out of the district itself be made. Time and Christian thoughtfulness are admirable remedies, and will work out happy results. St. Albans district was once connected with Troy Conference, now with Vermont, and was once as much disturbed as Burlington is now, but has become entirely reconciled to the present Conference boundary.

The sessions of the Conference otherwise were uneventful, but very profitable. Large congregations attended the public services. The weather was peculiarly favorable. We had the pleasure of listening to a rare semi-centennial discourse from the venerable and beloved Rev. W. J. Kidder. It was a very inspiring, edifying and happy picture of the progress of Methodism in this period of its ancient characteristics, of its moral power, with earnest counsels in reference to certain perilous tendencies. He was followed by another veteran of fifty years' ministry, Rev. A. T. Bullard, who earnestly reinforced the words of wisdom which had been uttered. The devotional services were led by another of the fathers, the excellent Rev. D. Wells. We trust such gracious words will be the sound of a trumpet to rouse the faith and diligence of the worthy sons of such noble sires. The reports of the presiding elders were full of encouragement. The church in all its departments seemed to be revived and strengthened. The editor of *Zion's Herald* has only time to profess his grateful recognition. The patronage of the paper in this Conference is constantly growing. The presidency and public services of Bishop Andrews are particularly gratifying to the Conference; courteous, calm, clear in his exposition of the Discipline, and as decided in his convictions and utterances as he is Christian in his temper and deportment, he makes a model chairman for any body, keeping up promptly the order of business and inspiring a spirit of devotion.

After writing the above, we learn that Bishops Andrews and Harris united in a calm and conciliatory paper addressed to the Vermont Conference, expressing their own judgment as to the desirability of the union of Vermont Methodism, and conviction that it would promote the interests and influence of the church in the State; that they disapproved of the revolutionary measures taken by the Burlington diocese to alter the church property, but, however, they were persuaded by concurrent statements of laymen and ministers of great weight of character that the transfer at this time of the district would defeat all the expected good results to the Vermont Conference; and that, therefore, they recommended to the prayerful consideration of the brethren of the Vermont Conference the propriety and expediency of retaining the commission, as requested by the Troy Conference, with the understanding and expectation that the joint commission would agree to the retrocession of the territory to Troy Conference. This recommendation was made upon the confident expectation that the alienated church property would be restored to its former relations.

Previous to the introduction of this paper, Rev. J. D. Beaman advocated, with great earnestness, the passage of the resolution of Secretary Morgan, courteously declining the request of Troy Conference—interrupted in his speech, with considerable warmth, several times, by Rev. Mr. Eaton, of the Troy Conference. After the reading of the Bishops' paper, Rev. H. A. Spencer called up the Morgan resolution, and with marked candor and fairness, Rev. Merritt Hubbard, of Burlington, made personal explanations, and when the vote was taken the Conference was unanimously in declining the request, with one exception. So the problem is no nearer solution than before, while the personal exasperations are rather fanned to a fiercer flame. We still have great confidence in the healing balm of time, and greater in the divine Providence.

The New Hampshire Conference met this year in the prosperous town of Claremont. The town has a very picturesque site in the valley of the Sugar river, and spreads over the surrounding heights. The high hills look down upon it in every direction; Acute, with its snow-capped summit, towering up far above the others. A manufacturing town,

the marks of wealth are seen in its very fine buildings and handsome business edifices. The Methodist Church has a commanding position as to the size and intelligence of its congregation. Rev. M. V. B. Knox, late of the School of All Sciences, Boston University, aided by his accomplished wife, has had a successful year's pastorate among this people. The church has been thoroughly renewed and beautified, and is a very inviting house of worship. Its vestries are in a separate chapel, and are commodious and neat, and its parsonage is a very attractive ministerial home, close at hand. No difficulty is found, through the courtesy and fraternity of the sister churches, in supplying entertainment for the Conference. It was the third time the body had met with this church. The presence of Bishop Bowman was warmly welcomed. He was very happy in the discharge of his duties, pushing forward with quiet promptness the regular business of the session and bearing with unbroken equanimity the interruptions always occurring in such bodies. He preached on the previous Sabbath in Keene, greatly to the comfort and inspiration of this long-suffering but heroic church. The members are emerging from their insufferable burdens, and look very hopefully for a full release in the near future. A noble collection of over eleven hundred dollars was raised for them at the Conference in Claremont, under the inimitable words and efforts of Dr. McCabe. We never heard so many of the venerable superannuated members of a Conference respond personally to their names and make addresses, as here. It was impressive and moving. The appeal of Rev. E. Scott, in *Zion's Herald*, in behalf of these noble men and their families, especially of the widow of one of them, proved very effective. Over two hundred dollars have been sent from a distance in response to the touching story. The accounts from all portions of the work in the Conference were encouraging. (The church is not standing still. We were sorry to hear the report of Dr. Pike for a supernumerary relation. He feels the need of rest. He has filled a large and enviable space in the history of the Conference for forty years, and commands the universal and high respect of his brethren. May his health and strength be renewed, and be able to render even ripe service to the church in coming years! *Zion's Herald* has very warm friends in this Conference, and never warmer. It was very pleasant to hear the generous words of Bishop Bowman, unexpectedly volunteered, in reference to our New England organ and the welcome it finds even in Western homes. A very neat sheet, called the N. H. Conference *Daily*, and edited by a skilful hand, was published during the Conference sessions, and formed a unique and attractive feature of the occasion.

We are under obligation to the legislative preacher of the present session in our State, Dr. Daniel L. Furber, for a copy of his excellent annual sermon, delivered at the opening of the present General Court. We suppose the tasteful mechanical execution of it—the beautiful type, wide margin, and fine paper—are due to those unexcelled printers, Messrs. Rand, Avery & Co., who do the State printing. Dr. Furber's theme was, "The Necessity of Religion and Education to the Welfare of a Republic." This thesis he sustains with admirable clearness and force. He shows the awakening and stimulating influence of revealed religion upon the intellectual powers, by an abundance of apposite illustrations. The history of New England and her sons affords an ample opportunity for the confirmation of his position. Her schools and colleges were the legitimate children of her churches; her noble list of patriots, statesmen, benefactors, teachers and ministers, shows what an inspiration the mind of New England has received from the Word of God so freely distributed and so intelligently expounded in her pulpits. The sermon was well adapted to the occasion, and is worthy of a permanent place beside the hundreds which have been uttered, on like occasions, by learned and godly ministers.

The *International Review*, for May, opens with a sufficiently eulogistic sketch of Sir Alexander Cockburn, the late chief justice of England, and notices of some of his remarkable forensic efforts. Mme. Z. Ragonin gives a concluding and very instructive paper on the "Trial of Russian Nihilists." Brooks Adams writes upon a theme that he thoroughly understands—"Taxation of Inter-State Commerce." W. G. Low discusses the somewhat difficult question as to what is to be done with the balance of the Geneva Award; W. Fraser Rae gives the first paper of a contribution upon the life and writings of George Eliot. Thus far it is highly appropriate and entirely apposite. Henry Gannett considers "The Alleged Census Fraud at the South." I. N. Ford, "Constitutional Tendencies in France." An intelligent citizen of Tokio, Japan, K. Mitsukuri, writes a very vigorous and interesting paper upon "Recent Changes in Japan." The last article is a review of recent histories of the United States. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

We have received the twelfth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor for Massachusetts, prepared with its usual thoroughness of investigation and reliability as to statistics. The reports of its chief, Carroll D. Wright, esq., are esteemed authorities by students in social science upon the subjects they treat. This report considers at length the important question of industrial arbitration and conciliation. Just now, in view of the constant collision between labor and capital, no theme is of more practical importance to employers and laborers. A very large space is devoted to the statistics of liquor-selling and drinking, and the crime that is entailed. In Suffolk County eighty-four per cent. of the crime is due to drunkenness. The subject of uniform hours of labor is also considered. The document is valuable to all persons interested in social questions.

We have received from the Treasury Department, Washington, a copy of the Annual Report of the Operations of the United States Life Saving Service, for 1880. This exhaustive report gives a full description of all the life-saving stations, their processes and implements, the shipwrecks that have occurred during the year, and the success that has attended the efforts of the service to rescue the passengers and crews of wrecked vessels. A fine review of the work in this bureau appears in the May number of the *North American Review* from the pen of Hon. S. S. Cox. There is a strange fascination in the vivid accounts that are given of the casualties along our sea and lake coasts. We trust all suggestions for making this service more efficient will attract the attention and awaken the practical interest of the members of Congress.

The second Annual Report of the State Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity of Massachusetts, while not so voluminous as the annual volumes of the old Board of State Charities, is a valuable and very suggestive document. It discusses the question of pauperism, of lunacy, and of the various claims of imperfect, periled and vicious children, gives the present condition of the various institutions and all the tabulated statistics involved in the broad field under the super-

vision of the board. The work seems to have been efficiently and intelligently prosecuted during the year. The volume would afford a fine subject for a review article, and can hardly be compassed in the columns of the weekly press.

We have referred, in an editorial this week, to one of the articles in the May number of the *North American Review*. The other articles are, a suggestive paper by Hon. David Dudley Field on "Centralization in the Federal Government"; this is decidedly a question of two sides, admitting a wide verge of discussion. Dr. Schaff writes, as he always does, instructively upon the new revision of the Bible. Judge Strong, last week from the bench, has an excellent article upon "The Needs of the Supreme Court," advocating its enlargement. John Roach, the great builder, writes upon the question, "Shall Americans Build Ships?" Hon. S. S. Cox contributes a paper upon the "Life Saving Service;" M. Charnas upon the "Ruins of Central America." The last paper is a keen, sarcastic criticism of the ethical system of Spencer, entitled, "What Morality have We Left?" D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The *Christian Register* makes quite a "time," in its last issue, as it has abundant occasion for doing, on account of reaching its sixtieth anniversary. Its first copy was issued in 1821, two years before *Zion's Herald*. Its first publisher died only a few years since—Mr. David Reed, whose office, in later years, for some time, was in Wesleyan Building. He was then publisher of the *Religious Magazine*—a quiet, diligent, persistent toiler, faithful to duty to the last. The *Register* is a very handsome paper, edited in excellent taste. If it could shed some of its radicalism, and enjoy a good Methodist baptism, it would be a model paper, but how satisfied its Unitarian readers would be if *San* should be thus transformed into *Paul*? We heartily congratulate, however, the patrons of the paper upon the vigorous life and prosperity of their denominational organ.

The National Temperance Society publishes the able paper, contributed to the *Advance*, of Chicago, in 1874, upon "Wine Drinking and the Scriptures," by Dr. Taylor Lewis. The Society has done a good work in issuing this instructive and searching essay. They also publish, in another tract, "Boying the Channel, or True and False Lights on Temperance," by Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler. This is a fresh address from its eloquent author, the veteran temperance advocate, delivered to his own church just before his departure for Europe. These are good tracts to distribute.

We are to have an orthodox, as well as a liberal, summer school of philosophy the coming season. Such a temporary institution is to be opened at Warwick Woodlands, Greenwood Lake, New York. It commences July 12. Dr. Deane is to be the dean of the faculty, and its secretary is Rev. A. H. Bradford, Montclair, N. J. Among the lecturers the present season are President Porter of Yale College, Chancellor Crosby of New York, President Bascom of Wisconsin, Prof. Bowne of Boston University, and Prof. Winchell of Michigan. A wealthy and generous layman has guaranteed the financial success of the movement. So Concord will have its opposite pole at Woodland.

Mr. Charles Bragdon, the irrepressible and very successful principal of Lasell Seminary, has secured for his lady students three lectures from Dr. John Lord, than whom a better historical lecturer is not to be found at the present time. His discourses for the series have been entirely recast. The first, upon "Madame De Maintenon; Woman in Society," will be delivered at the Seminary, April 27. It is to be followed, April 28, by "Peter the Great;" May 11, "Napoleon Bonaparte;" and May 12, by "Madame de Staël." The course to those students will be \$1; single lectures, 35 cents. It will be a rare treat for those who held them.

It will be seen in another column that Dr. Torrey, of Kent's Hill, offers a generous prize to the alumni of that popular seminary which is upon the "Bible in Common Schools." It is a fine topic, worthy of the ambition and effort of any writer. We trust it will call out a large number of competitors. The Doctor has already offered a premium of \$20 to his undergraduates for the best essay upon the "Relation of the Common School to our Free Government." The Doctor knows how to awaken the mind and then direct its energies to the highest objects.

The New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society publishes its twelfth Annual Report in a specially tasteful form. It is a neat tract of limited size, but crowded in its small, clear type, with the full and interesting record of the mission fields, its progress, its present officers, and the financial results of the year. Over \$15,000 have been raised in the bonds of the New England Branch. God bless the women in their noble work!

In some of the Conferences a number of places are left "to be supplied." This does not imply a lack of ministerial service. The persons are all at hand to meet these requisitions. Students, local preachers, or supernumeraries have been employed. It is not necessary to write the presiding elders offering services. Dr. Talbot, of New England Southern Conference, writes that he is receiving such letters, but has no unassigned vacancies.

A National Temperance Convention has been called to meet at Saratoga Springs, June 21. The various temperance organizations and many religious societies will be represented. The convention will be made eminently practical by the discussion of vital questions of the home, led by the most prominent advocates of the reform in the country. A large number of delegates have already been chosen.

That debt of \$40,000, which Chaplain McCabe assumed for our Salt Lake Church, is paid, principal and interest. The total amount is \$43,027.28. Not a dollar has ever been diverted from the general Church Extension fund to pay this debt. It has been simply an incident in the work, but a serious one.

The American Bible Society publishes for general circulation the "Proceedings of the Wycliffe Society's Centennial Celebration," which occurred last December. It contains the address of ex-Gov. J. L. Chamberlain, and the magnificent oration of Dr. R. S. Storrs. It is a document to be preserved.

We are in the midst of the Minutes of the thirteenth January 26, Dr. Hartzel shows how hopeful

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## The Family.

### PERSEPHONE.

Listen! What a sudden rustle  
Fills the air!  
All the birds are in a bustle  
Everywhere.  
Such a ceaseless croon and twitter  
Overhead!  
Far away I hear a drumming—  
Tap, tap, tap!  
Can the woodpecker be coming  
After sap?  
Butterflies are hovering over  
(Swarming on swarms)  
Yonder meadow-patch of clover,  
Like snow-flakes.  
Through the vibrant air a tingle  
Dazzlingly  
Thrills, and o'er me sails a single  
Bumblebee.  
Lissom sways make the willows  
One bright gleam,  
Which the breeze puffs out in billows  
Foamy green.  
From the marshy brook that's smoking  
In the fog,  
I can catch the cool and croaking  
Of a frog.  
Dogwood stars the slopes are studding,  
And I see  
Blooms upon the purple budding  
Judas tree.  
Aspen tassels thick are dropping  
All about,  
And the alder-leaves are cropping  
Broader out;  
Mouse-eat tufts the hawthorn sprinkle,  
Edged with rose;  
The park bed of periwinkle  
Fresher grows.  
Up and down are midges dancing  
On the grass;  
How their gauzy wings are glancing  
As they pass!  
What does this haste and hurry  
Mean, I pray—  
All this out-door dash and flurry  
Seen to-day?  
This presaging stir and humming,  
Trill and call?  
Mean? It means that Spring is coming!  
That is all.

MARGARET PRESTON, in Lippincott's.

### LORD BEACONSFIELD'S "ENDYMION."

Women ought to be grateful to Lord Beaconsfield for "Endymion," for he carried a gallant lance in the grand modern tourney of ideas, which is to result, within the present century, in placing us fairly by the side of man—neither below him nor above him.

Lord Beaconsfield had rare artistic skill in arranging the lights and shades of his pictures. Each of his word-portraits is remarkable for the distinct characterization of the one woman whom it describes. She is herself, and no other. So of the men. Of women, he pictures only the cultivated and refined; the "great unwashed" are absent; also simple and rural characters. He requires drapery, jewels, and costly surroundings; above all, interwoven lives and thoughts, refined wants, studied, elaborate preferences, and choice between choice. With these comparatively outside holds for his genius, he seizes motives, he arraigns thought, and brings out the heart-history in a vivid but picturesque manner.

The story of "Endymion" opens near the beginning of this century, before the "invasion of society" by the great business world. It was the dark hour before the dawn, when, as the author says, "The people were only half-born," for "the pressure of population had not opened the heart of man." Endymion is given good birth; all else, outwardly, is against him. He springs from a cultured but ruined family, but he possesses an indomitable will, great industry, quick perception, an excellent memory, and an unalterable determination to succeed. He is aided only when he has earned aid—one of those who conquer circumstances, and, overcoming those powerful opposing forces of life, poverty and obscurity, triumph at the last, and achieve all for which they toiled from the first.

Myra, supposed to resemble the Empress Eugénie, is a strong but very womanly character, one who in her most open hours possessed "a secret fund of reserve"—not the reserve of tranquillity, but of ambition; descended from a beautiful mother, who had "the art of being intimate without being familiar." Myra is the heroine of the book; in disaster, "always unmoved, and enraging from her total want of sensibility," in prosperity, acutely alive, but equally watchful. In picturesque contrast is the unworthy wife of the banker, Neuchatel (traits of Baron Rothschild), who, surrounded by vast wealth, "had imbibed not merely a contempt for money, but absolutely a hatred of it;" she adored religion and science, and though a very lovely character, had that comforting "degree of sublimated self-respect which defies destiny." But to us Lady Montfort (who could endure everything so long as her taste was not offended) is the most charming woman in the book; and her husband, with the exception of Endymion, is the most interesting man, for he is witty, perverse, and so world-worn that he is sick of society, and takes kindly to engineers and all sorts of bright, odd, adventurous folk; he has an excellent reason for "never doing anything," because "there was, for him, nothing to attain. He had got everything." But his beautiful and ambitious wife would reply, "What are rank and wealth to us? We were born to them. We want something that we

were not born to." Admirable desire, and one accounting for some of the best work that the world has seen accomplished by the nobly-born and prosperous.

There are many very shrewdly-expressed characters. Here is the Premier, whose name is not far to seek, who always feared (and still fears) to trust young men; here, too, is St. Barbe, done to the life, with his envy, and egotism, and tuft-hunting, his quickness of perception, his peculiar intellectual power, his comical, bright, and incessant grumbling against "fate." Precisely as in Charlotte Brontë's description of him (and she admired Thackeray), so here, he, "as usual," always begins "talking about himself." His plights, too, are very characteristic: "It is a great thing to have a father a privy-councillor," remarks St. Barbe to Endymion. "If I were the son of a privy-councillor, those demons, Shuffie and Screw, would give me five hundred pounds for my novel, which now they put in their beastly magazine and print in small type, and do not pay me so much as a powdered flunkey has in St. James' Square. The whole thing is rotten." Nor was St. Barbe much better pleased with society than with publishers, even when society was of that noble order to which he so laboriously sacrificed; he had an unfounded suspicion that his entertainers expected him to be amusing, or at least entertaining. We can also readily imagine St. Barbe (how well he is named! for he was a "sort" of saint, and certainly very like a barb) saying to Endymion, "Women are the only people who get on. A man works all his life, and thinks he has done a wonderful thing, if, with one leg in the grave and no hair on his head, he manages to get a coronet; and a woman dances at a ball with some young fellow or other, or sits next to some old fellow at dinner, and pretends she thinks him charming, and he makes her a peeress on the spot. Oh! it is a disgusting world."

Here, too, is the tailor, who "dressed" public men according to "the nature of their duties;" and the jester, who "pelted the people with admirably-prepared impromptus." There are acute observations on life and manners. Of one who committed suicide Lord Beaconsfield profoundly remarks, "He found refuge in suicide, as many do, from want of imagination. The present was too hard for him, and his future was only a chaotic nebula." How many cases this would cover! "All people of imagination . . . are difficult to live with," might explain the unhappy lives of many poets and novelists. There are astute observations upon races—that problem which is constantly assuming mightier proportions as time goes on. "The Semites," truly says Disraeli, "now exercise a vast influence over affairs by their smallest though most peculiar family, the Jews. There is no race gifted with so much tenacity and such skill in organization. These qualities have given them an unprecedented hold over property and illimitable credit. As you advance in life, and get experience in affairs, the Jews will cross you everywhere. They have long been stealing into our secret diplomacy, which they have almost appropriated; in another quarter of a century they will claim their share of open government." Europe is called a "geographical expression;" "Russia is essentially Oriental, and her future will be entirely the East." Of Germany it is shrewdly said, "Where? I cannot find it on the maps. Germany is divided into various districts, and when there is a war they are ranged on different sides. Notwithstanding reviews and annual encampments, Germany is practically as weak as Italy." It has "some kingdoms that are allowed to play at being first-rate powers; but it is mere play. They too more command events than the king of Naples or the Duke of Modena." Count Ferrol, who is fancied to represent the traits of Prince Bismarck, is spoken of as "a man neither to love nor to detest. He has himself an intelligence superior to all passion—I might say all feeling; and if, in dealing with such a being, we ourselves have either, we give him an advantage." We are rather sorry to find the Americans described as "colonial." It is indeed true that we borrowed (or our fathers transmitted to us) England's language and religion, and to a wide extent, her laws; but to our minds this shows that, as a nation, we started from a high point of civilization instead of a low one. Lord Beaconsfield says of us, "They got civilized very soon, but their civilization was second-hand." But we were just so many centuries of improvement ahead of those brave but savage Saxons and Angles who came from the Baltic to

Britain. What may not be expected of a nation who had the memory of such statesmen, poets, and divines as primal base for its young and struggling life? No, no, we are not forgetful of our noble origin; we are willing to be "colonial" in this sense; and the astute author of Endymion no doubt perceived very clearly our immense advantage over peoples emerging from barbarism, or founded of other elements than English.

There are two or three pleasing glimpses of the young Queen; among them a momentary vision of her at the formation of the Protectionists' new administration, by new men, when she appears "serene and imperturbable before a spectacle never seen before, and which, in all probability, will never be seen again."

As a whole, "Endymion" is a vivid picture of society considered in its bearing upon political events. It is also remarkable for its clear recognition of the influence of women in all comprehensive or complex schemes of life; and it faithfully portrays the rewards of "entire devotedness," in an aspiring man, to a chosen and lofty career. E. W. Pekin, Niagara County, N. Y.

### FOR THE MASTER.

BY LANTA WILSON SMITH.

I sat in the darkening twilight,  
And thought of the day that was gone;  
The hours had been crowded with labor,  
But only a little was done.

My brushes and pencils were lying  
Just where they had dropped from my hand;  
My easel was bright with the colors  
Of blue sky and rich meadow land.

I'd taken great pains with that picture,  
I worshipped that canvas and paint  
As the heathen worship an idol,  
Or devotees kneel to a saint.

But then, as I sat in the twilight,  
With the picture at last complete,  
A voice seemed to say, "When the ransom  
Lay shaves at the great Master's feet,  
Would you dare to bring this poor canvas,  
And whisper to Him your great name?"

Why'll you give me a welcome to glory  
Because of your coveted fame?  
In sorrow I turned from my picture,  
My cheeks burning hotly with shame;  
I never had thought of the Master,  
I simply was toiling for fame.

But to-day as I sit in the twilight,  
I hear but my Savior's low voice;  
And picture from life, now before me,  
Will make me forever rejoice.

From pitfalls and snares of the tempter  
I've rescued the thoughtless and wild,  
I've heard from white lips a "God bless you!"

I've brightened the life of a child,  
And now I can hear, if I listen,  
These words, like a sweet melody,  
"Whatever ye do for My children,  
I count it as done unto Me!"

### ALMOST A QUARREL.

A Story for Girls.

BY JULIA A. TIRRELL.

The front door closed with a bang as Frank Bronson entered the house. Throwing his hat at the hat-tree, he looked at his watch and rushed into the dining-room. Messrs. Wait & Knowles had just received several large orders that must be filled within a week, and could allow him only twenty minutes' recess for dinner. He prided himself on his promptness, and the last thing he had before leaving home that morning, he had told Elsie to be sure and have dinner on the table by twelve, so that no time need be wasted in waiting. But it was ten minutes past that hour, and the dining-table was empty. With a sigh of vexation he hurried to the kitchen.

"How is this, Elsie? Dinner late three times this week! I don't understand it."

Elsie, who was too much occupied with her griefs to notice the impatience in his tone, turned a tear-stained, girlish face towards him as he replied,—"I did mean to have it ready; but such a time as I've had! First, 'twas the shirts; they wouldn't do up at all nice, and I scoured the best one. Then I tried to make some of those lemon tarts, such as your mother had, but dear me! they weren't fit for pigs to eat. The bread wouldn't rise, and while I was mixing some biscuits the fire all went out. After I'd built that anew, I remembered that dinner hadn't been ordered, and went to the market. The clock struck twelve just as I came in, and the boy has just brought the steak. I'll have it cooked as soon as I can, but I haven't touched that overcoat you wanted mended for this afternoon," and the tears flowed afresh.

Perhaps Elsie Bronson expected a kiss and comforting words, such as Frank had been accustomed to give whenever she was in trouble. If so, she was disappointed. Instead, came the words,—"What are you crying about? I thought I had married a woman, and not a baby. My mother did all the work for a large family, but she always had dinner on time. I never heard her complain that the bread wouldn't rise, or saw her cry because the shirts wouldn't do up, either."

"But, Frank, I haven't her experience, you know. Couldn't we hire the shirts done at the laundry? I think, too, some of that extra bread of flour would make better bread."

"We can't go to any more expense. I'm often reminded of the young man I read about, who said that, before marriage, he and his girl thought two dollars a week would be enough for them, but found, after marriage, that he paid out more than ten, and went hungry all the time at that. Don't you remember saying that six dollars a week would pay for rent, and fuel, and groceries? Our table bill alone amounts to that."

"I remember hearing some one else say that he would eat heavy bread, or anything else, made by his fingers; but I notice most of the poorly-cooked food goes into the swill-pail."

Elsie was not crying now; her face was flushed, and her eyes had an indignant, perhaps angry, sparkle. "The greater part of what we have goes there then. I can't wait any longer for that steak. Give me a couple crackers. My mother fed a large family on what it takes for us two."

"Frank Bronson, I've heard enough about that mother of yours. I shall learn to hate her if I—"

But the front door closed with another bang, as Frank passed beyond hearing.

When he reached the warehouses of Messrs. Wait & Knowles, he found so much to do that the press of business soon drove from his mind all thoughts of the late unpleasantness, as well as of his own hunger. It was only when work was over for the day, and he was walking homeward, that he was reminded of the harsh words.

"Poor girl," murmured he, "it is hard for any one just out of school to learn housework. I must be more patient with her."

He was ready to ask Elsie's forgiveness, and the words were on his lips as he opened the door; but why was the gas not lighted? No sound of any one stirring about, either! He soon had a light, and passed from one room to another, expecting in each a sight of the familiar face; but evidently Elsie was not in the house.

"Out calling!" I'll run down street and meet her."

Half way to the corner he met his friend Ed. Somers, who called out:—"Lonesome, ain't it, with your wife gone? I saw her at the station. Said she was going to see her mother. You can't spare her long, I suppose? Come over to my house and spend the evening."

He managed not to betray his surprise, but simply declined the invitation. Anger, pride, and love struggled for the mastery. His first impulse was to take the next morning's train for Elsie's native village, and bring back the truant. Then he thought how much he was needed by his employers, and decided the better course would be to wait a few days and let her return of her own free will. He could sleep at home and take his meals at a restaurant, and no one need know of the affair. Not for a moment did he anticipate anything serious from the matter. "She wants me to know I can't speak to her in the way I did at noon. I'd no idea she would feel so deeply," he thought.

One after another the days passed on. Each night, as Frank returned from his work, he expected to find the house lighted, and a sweet face to meet him at the door; but Elsie came not. How slowly dragged the hours spent at home! How much he missed the light of her smile and the music of her voice! Even her tears would be welcome now. He could bear the terrible loneliness no longer, and one evening, just a week from that on which he first found his home deserted, he wrote a long, loving letter, asking her to forgive his unkind words, and return.

The next day passed, and the next, but still no Elsie; not even a letter. His pride was aroused. "Does she think I'm going on my knees before her? 'Twas her fault as much as mine. I've done my part of making up, and now she may do hers. I can stand it as long as she can," he said to himself.

And so another week went by. Frank Bronson was careful to give his friends to understand that Elsie had gone to her mother's for a short visit only; but he was far from feeling sure of this himself. Several times he was on the point of following her, but such a course seemed too humiliating. It would never do to show such submission thus early in their married life. She was trying to frighten him, he thought; and yet he was very miserable, notwithstanding his pride.

One night, when work was over, he turned his footsteps homeward, feeling more wretched than he had ever before.

But surely there were lights shining through the windows! Yes, and as he entered the hall he saw the same dear face that used to greet him. His pride and anger were gone in an instant.

"I have done very wrong, but I've come back now to be forgiven and to be a better woman in future. Come right to supper now. I've been taking lessons of mother in housekeeping, and have learned to prepare meals on time," Elsie said.

Seated in the cosy dining-room, she told her story. After his departure that day she had felt utterly discouraged—as if she must have sympathy and advice; and following her first impulse, she had taken the cars for her mother's. But she had repented of this course before she had journeyed ten miles, and would have returned next morning had she not feared awakening suspicion.

Sister Mabel, too, was very sick, and when her mother expressed a wish for more time to attend the invalid, Elsie had offered to help about the housework for a few days. She had not written, at first, because she expected every train would bring her husband; finally because she feared he was angry. When his kind letter had been received, she had written, explaining everything. The letter had been intrusted to Tommy Williams to leave at the post-office, and she was surprised that it had never reached its destination. As soon as Mabel had recovered sufficiently not to require her mother's attendance, Elsie had returned.

"Then that little Tom Williams was to blame for most of my loneliness and heartache. No, that isn't fair! 'Twas my own preloved dignity, that I was so afraid of compromising!" exclaimed Frank.

"The beginning of the whole trouble was my poor management of household affairs. I believe a great many family misunderstandings would be prevented

if girls knew more about such things. For my own part, if ever I have anything to do with bringing up girls, they shall not consider an education completed that has not in it some practical knowledge of housekeeping."

LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.

BY MISS M. F. BUTTS.

Come to my house, O Love!  
And that which doth appear  
Imperfect, soiled and drear,  
Must mould itself anew  
In form, and force, and hue  
Like to the house above.

Come to my heart, O Love!  
When thou art regretted there,  
Doubting must turn to prayer,  
Hated must hide its face  
That thou may'st take thy place.  
Do thou thy perfect will.  
Thou art the law fulfill!  
Like to the heart above.

The Little Folks.

OUT OF A TULIP BED.

BY MISS CAROLINE B. LEROY.

The wonder and mystery of it all—the bloom and beauty that comes out of the black earth we cannot bear to touch with our hands! Last November, when all the trees were bare and the leaves dead which had fallen from them, the bulbs, which looked like dirty and discolored onions, were laid away carefully in the ground and there left for the rain to beat on, the snow to cover up, the winter winds to whistle over. December came with its merry Christmas; January brought its happy New Year; February celebrated the birthday of the "father of his country;" March inaugurated a new President for the same country, and in April we forgot everything else in the thought, "Spring is coming! The beautiful, blessed summer is on her way!" The birds sang it, the little brooks chattered about it, the quiet clouds smiled as if they knew all about it. The brown bulbs, hidden away from all the holiday times, and anniversary times, and good times generally, came up at last out of the darkness and stillness of their prison house, to see what was going on, to join in the rejoicing, and to do their share towards decorating the earth, fast growing green and lovely again.

And such wonderful work as had been done while they were shut up in those little prison cells! To think that those homely bulbs held all this rich bloom and magnificent color; that this artistic designing, graceful building and splendid painting were all done so quietly and perfectly, out of our sight, and almost out of our memory, in those little narrow, dark studios where only the Great Artist could see to carry on His work!

The tulip is one of the kinds of flowers known as "forists' flowers;" not because all kinds do not or may not belong to forists, but such is the name given to a few species which are cultivated with peculiar care, and made to develop a much greater beauty than the original flower. Among these are roses, carnations, dahlias, and anemones.

The Chinese have for centuries been famous for this sort of cultivation, and have given us our beautiful camellias, hydrangeas and rare tree peonies. But Holland has the most beautiful and profitable gardens in the world. The country itself was, by the industry of its inhabitants, literally snatched out of the sea by being drained and filled up, and prevented by huge mounds, called dikes, built by that same industry, from ever going into it again. Some of the people live on the bottoms of lakes which have been pumped dry with their great windmills; and on this soil are raised the most beautiful roses and hyacinths to be found anywhere. Think of twenty acres of hyacinths alone; yet that amount is to be found growing between two of the principal cities of Holland, the loose, sandy soil being most favorable to their production.

But the Dutch, as the Hollanders are called, created a great excitement over their tulips about two hundred and fifty years ago, when Charles I, who afterwards lost his head, was king of England, and while the English colonists were settling Connecticut and Rhode Island. The only way of accounting for this tulip-mania, as it was called, is that this particular flower suddenly became "the fashion," and the history of the world shows that nothing is too strange, too simple, or too ridiculous to become fashionable. It seems as if flowers, the beautiful, brilliant things, should have their turn as well as dogs, dresses, bonnets and bureaus; yet fashion is so fickle, and so eagerly followed by the silliest class of people, who think that everything out of fashion must for that reason be good for nothing, that it is sad to see forlorn beauties patronized one day only to be thrown aside the next. But there was no help for the tulip. Fashion took it up and kept it up for a good many years, and the innocent flower became the ruin of thousands of men.

The tulip was first known in Smyrna, Turkey, and its name means "turban," a Turkish word very appropriate for the great, brilliant flower. It was taken from Constantinople to Holland in 1559, just one year after Queen Elizabeth ascended the English throne. Amsterdam was at that time the richest city of the country, and the Amsterdam sailors spent the wealthiest and pleased the taste of the Amsterdam merchants by bringing them the choicest flowers they could collect in all parts of the world. A great passion for them suddenly broke out, and tulips, considered the finest and grandest of them all, brought the most amazing prices, some being sold for a thousand dollars apiece, while fifty and a hundred dollars was quite a small sum for one. A number of men formed a partnership, and valued a bulb

at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, shares in which were sold exactly like those in mines and railroads at the present day. Think of reading in the "financial and commercial" column of the daily papers, instead of "Erie, St. Paul, Northwestern preferred," tulips, roses, carnations, etc., are "steady," or "advancing," or "declining," according to the freaks of the money market! But, in fact, the great game which men are playing with money every day in Wall Street, and which is known as "speculation," was first introduced by these shares in flowers for which men paid fabulous prices and lost as fabulous sums. The mania raged for years, and nearly four million dollars passed from hand to hand over thirty species of tulips.

From Holland this passion for flowers extended to other countries; but instead of taking the form of intense excitement and stock gambling, it did worthy work in brightening up the homes of the people who were driven by religious persecution to the shores of England. In nearly all the manufacturing towns of Great Britain the descendants of these refugees are found among the operatives, and the gardens around their little homes are filled with the finest specimens of roses, carnations and tulips.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said,  
"Only just a child that's dead."  
And so they carelessly turned away  
From the mound the spade had made that day.  
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade  
That little grave in our home had made!

I know the coffin was narrow and small,  
One yard would have served for an ample pall;  
One man in his arms could have borne away  
The casket frail and the freight of clay.  
But I know that darling hopes were hid  
Beneath that tiny coffin lid.

I knew that a mother had stood that day  
With folded arms by that form of clay;  
I knew that burning tears were hid,  
"Neath the drooping lash of aching lid;  
And I knew her lip and cheek and brow  
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I knew that some hands were hid away—  
The crimson frock and wrappings gay;  
The little sock and the half-worn shoe,  
The cap with its plumes and ribbon blue;  
And an empty crib with its covers spread,  
As white as the face of the precious dead.

'Tis a little grave, O, beware!  
For world-wide hopes are buried there;  
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,  
May see, like he, through blinded tears,  
How much of light, how much of joy,  
Is buried up with an only boy.

—Selected.

### For Young and Old.

BITS OF FUN.

.... A man digging clams hardly knows whether he is fishing or engaged in agricultural pursuits.

.... Jones: "I see Smith has taken to riding a bicycle. What on earth is he doing that for?"  
Robinson: "Oh, a very simple reason—to prevent Mrs. Smith from going with him!"

.... Grace: "I'm going to see Clara to-day. Have you any message?"  
Charlotte: "I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."

.... An Irishman, ridiculed for starting off on horseback with only one eye, replied very justly: "If I got one side of the horse moving I'll turn the other side."

.... A married woman said to her husband, "You have never taken me to the cemetery."  
"No, dear," replied he, "that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation."

.... Tommy wanted to prove things that he read. "Mother," said he, "do you think Lion would save a little girl's life if she fell into the water?"  
"I dare say he would," responded the mother, whereupon Tommy cried enthusiastically, "Oh, then, mamma, do from Tommy in!"

.... A Yankee physician was lecturing lately on the ignorance of people of their own bodies, and said, "You are ready once asked him what his next lecture would be upon, and being told the 'Circulation of the Blood,' replied that she should certainly attend, for she had been troubled with that complaint for a long time."

.... The child of a very fashionable family was sick, and the colored servant was sent to the drug store with a prescription. "If the child cannot keep the first powder on its stomach, you must give it another one," remarked the clerk, as he passed on the label. "You don't reckon we would give him the same powder over again, do you?" We ain't no poor folks, we ain't."

.... "Your visits remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper," said Uncle Jabez, leaning his chin on his cane and glancing at William Henry, who was standing by. "Why so?" inquired William Henry. "Well, they commenced on a weekly, grew to be a tri-weekly, and have now become daily, with a Sunday supplement."

.... Two country splinters were stopping at a friend's house in Boston after their return from a scientific lecture. They occupied the same apartment, and shortly after midnight one of them started up, and awakening the other, exclaimed in great trepidation: "Betsey, I believe there is a man under the bed!"  
Betsey merely raised her finger in an admonitory way, and replied: "Don't make a noise then, Jane, you might scare him away."

GENES OF THOUGHT.

.... Have you got hold of a new truth? Hold it modestly, though firmly and with discretion. Do not noisily proclaim it from the house-top. Let it silently stir the hearts with the truths you learned yesterday, and with those which you may live to learn to-morrow; and if they all grow up together, each will become more mellow and natural. —Wm. Knight.

.... A Power I cannot understand  
Is sheltering me with loving hand;  
It calls me by the dearest name,  
My love to win, my fear to tame;  
Each day my daily food provides  
And night and day from danger hides  
Me safe; the food, the warmth I take,  
Yet all the while ungrateful make  
Restless and piteous complaints,  
And strive to break the kind restraints.

.... Stars shine brightest in the darkest night; torches are better for beating; grapes come not to the profit till they come to the press; spices smell the best when they are bruised; young trees root faster for shaking; gold looks brighter for scouring; juniper smells sweetest in the fire; the palm-tree proves the better for pressing; clamorille, the more you tread it, the more you spread it. Such is the condition of all God's children. They are most triumphant when they are persecuted, the highest of which the human mind is capable—the pleasures of religious devotion! it is heart-mingling with heart and communing together with heaven. It is heaven on earth begun.

.... One Eye alone penetrates the future. He dwelleth in the light. He knows all the intricate paths and hidden events of coming time. His word and Spirit are our guides. They never mislead. It may require careful stepping, anxious watching and confident trust; but they will lead our fainting souls through the chilling gloom of earthly darkness to the open portals of endless day. The thread of divine truth, carefully followed, will lead our bewildered feet to unfailing light.

at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, shares in which were sold exactly like those in mines and railroads at the present day. Think of reading in the "financial and commercial" column of the daily papers, instead of "Erie, St. Paul, Northwestern preferred," tulips, roses, carnations, etc., are "steady," or "advancing," or "declining," according to the freaks of the money market! But, in fact, the great game which men are playing with money every day in Wall Street, and which is known as "speculation," was first introduced by these shares in flowers for which men paid fabulous prices and lost as fabulous sums. The mania raged for years, and nearly four million dollars passed from hand to hand over thirty species of tulips.

From Holland this passion for flowers extended to other countries; but instead of taking the form of intense excitement and stock gambling, it did worthy work in brightening up the homes of the people who were driven by religious persecution to the shores of England. In nearly all the manufacturing towns of Great Britain the descendants of these refugees are found among the operatives, and the gardens around their little homes are filled with the finest specimens of roses, carnations and tulips.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said,  
"Only just a child that's dead."  
And so they carelessly turned away  
From the mound the spade had made that day.  
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade  
That little grave in our home had made!

I know the coffin was narrow and small,  
One yard would have served for an ample pall;  
One man in his arms could have borne away  
The casket frail and the freight of clay.  
But I know that darling hopes were hid  
Beneath that tiny coffin lid.

I knew that a mother had stood that day  
With folded arms by that form of clay;  
I knew that burning tears were hid,  
"Neath the drooping lash of aching lid;  
And I knew her lip and cheek and brow  
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I knew that some hands were hid away—  
The crimson frock and wrappings gay;  
The little sock and the half-worn shoe,  
The cap with its plumes and ribbon blue;  
And an empty crib with its covers spread,  
As white as the face of the precious dead.

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The Farm and Garden.

HINTS ABOUT WORK.

[Cited from the American Agriculturist for April.]

The active work of the year has now begun over a large part of the country. The plough is already in thousands of fields, and would be in many more were it not for the sudden cold. Never turn the soil when so wet that it will bake into hard lumps. The soil is too wet to be ploughed whenever the mould-board is smeared—does not keep clean and bright while passing through the furrow. A soil that is late in becoming dry enough for the plough, needs draining. The success of a crop largely depends upon the proper preparation of the seed-bed. The soil must not only be loose, deep, and mellow, but it should contain all the essential elements of plant food, and these in an available form. This requires thorough tillage—ploughing, harrowing, etc.—and a good supply of well-rotted manure or its equivalent in some other form. It is folly to expect good crops from a poorly prepared soil, and one lacking the food upon which the plants can feed.

The most essential crop upon a farm is grass. The better the system of farming the more important will grass become, both in its own value and the good effect it has upon the soil and the crops that are to follow it. Our farmers have not given proper attention to the study of the different grasses and the soils best fitted for each. Meadows and pastures, to do their best, often need a little stimulating fertilizer. Two hundred pounds of guano, or of nitrate of soda, often more than double the crop, and return a large profit on the cost. Improved grass lands mean more milk, cheese, butter, and beef; and a farm with a rich, never-failing, permanent pasture is one where live stock will thrive, and the owner of it is very sure to be prosperous. Look well to the grass land.

The poultry will now get much of their food by foraging; a feed of grain in the morning and at night will be sufficient to keep them in a good laying condition. Sitting hens need good, clean and quiet nests. Water and food should be near at hand. Young fowls need to be fed at frequent intervals, with caution to not over-feed.

There is a good deal of work comprehended in the general term of "clearing up" that must be done. Any accumulation of rubbish, ashes, etc., made during the winter should be taken away. Make the yards, and make the surroundings of house and out-buildings assume a tidy and pleasing appearance. The rainy days—and there are a good many in spring—may be employed to advantage in cleaning and repairing tools and putting all the farm implements in good working order. The farmer who knows how to avail himself of all the odd hours and half hours, possesses one of the leading essentials of success.

LETTER FROM OMAHA.

The weather here is still wintry in the extreme. We have had more snow this winter than in all the years I have been in the West—now nearly fifteen. A northeast snowstorm is now (April 12) sitting down like midwinter, and a good deal of rain is recording, makes the river (the Missouri) at least three miles wide opposite the city, and coming up so high (twenty-one and one-half feet above low-water mark) as to stop work in the shops, and leave more than twelve hundred workmen unemployed. The river has not been so high since the settlement of the country. Thousands of settlers have been driven out of their homes all along its banks for many miles, and have suffered greatly, many losing all—houses, corrals and stock. Thousands of horses, cattle, and sheep were drowned and swept away by the resistless flood. Two poor fellows lost their lives here, and many have been swept away through the upper country. When Uncle Tom was sold, Sam had consolation, notwithstanding his sorrow at parting, and exclaimed: "Well, when one is down, another is up;" and so, for all this, the submerged districts have the expectation of a most abundant harvest. The spring will be late, but the moist ground will cause the seed to sprout at once, and June may find the crops as far advanced as usual, with the additional promise of plenty of moisture to mature the crop.

Already, amid the storms and floods, immigration is setting in in an unwonted manner, giving promise of an immense increase in our census before the close of the year. They are coming by thousands; and if, as is predicted, 500,000 land at Castle Garden this year, Nebraska will claim a large share of these new women and children, and get them, too. Omaha would scarcely be known to the ministerial excursionists who visited the city a dozen years since; and, in addition to its former growth, this year will show more building than any of its predecessors. Large brick blocks, a court house, an opera house, hotels and residences will go up all over the city, and all of these buildings will be first-class.

Our moral and religious interests could keep pace with our outward growth, it would be well for all concerned, but too much engrossed in business and speculation, to take time to think on these important subjects, and hence they are in a measure neglected. And when religion is low, morals follow. Our new mayor, Mormon-like, is said, and doubtless in truth, to support two families; but he is a good business man, and such "small personal" matters, they say, should not come into the canvass. What an influence upon young men! When will politicians have respect to morality and common decency?

The churches are struggling on, a feeble barrier, but yet a barrier, against immorality and sin. The Methodists have three churches here, none of them strong, but each doing a good work. I was glad to see in the last HERALD a reference to Father Bates. The name of the dear old man brought up a good many reminiscences of the old time, dating far back in time and locality, among the New Hampshire hills, where

the old veteran labored and preached, and wept, in the early days of Methodism. He was eccentric, odd, perhaps, at times, but with a large reserve of that commodity that is always at par in Methodist circles—real goodness. I remember his sermons when, from the introduction to the persecution all through the divisions (and they were many) to the purpose, and told as only Father Bates could tell them, and pointed with his fingers. There were no sleepers there, but old and young listened to the end with unabated interest. Such preaching might not do in these modern days for steady diet, but those were the old circuit days, when the preacher came round once in six weeks and everybody went out to hear him because there was nothing else to hear—no concerts, no lectures, nothing but an occasional school exhibition to break the monotony.

I remember him when preaching in Boston, and went one morning to hear him, taking the precaution not to enter until the last hymn was being sung so as not to catch his eye and find my way to the pulpit. But it was no use to try to escape him. The sexton, by his direction, came to escort me to the desk. "You will preach," said the old man with a twinkle in his eye. "I cannot," was the reply; "besides, my subject would not be suited to your hymns."

"Oh, that makes no difference," he replied; "they will sing one thing, I will play another, and you preach a third, and we will hit everybody in the house." The argument could not be resisted. Down on the South Shore, where Father Bates spent some years, he was greatly respected and beloved. When I met him there, he, in addition to his pastoral work, was scouring the fields in search of peat for fuel; and, through his teachings, thousands of dollars were saved to the people in working the rich peat beds which he discovered. He was never so happy as when doing good to his fellow men, and there are thousands who will bless him to their latest breath. He was of a type of men now gone, but whose quiet, unostentatious work lives long after them. Thank God for the memories of the fathers of the church! Father Bates will be remembered by many whom he comforted in affliction, cheered in adversity, and by many who by his instrumentality were helped to a better life, and saved to stars in his crown in the better land.

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

A meeting was held in London, March 17, representing the Wesleyan bodies in Great Britain and Ireland, to make arrangements for the Ecumenical Conference. The term Conference was accepted instead of Congress; Friday, Aug. 5, was set apart as a day of prayer by Methodists throughout the world for the blessing of God upon the Conference. The committee declined to give place in the Conference to a discussion of the doctrinal standards of Methodism, as suggested in a paper read by Dr. Sumner of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, before the American committee at its recent meeting in New York city; which paper our British brethren seem to have mistaken for the expression of the committee. Thirty-eight topics were agreed upon for discussion, which will require nineteen writers of papers, and nineteen speakers from the eastern section, and the same from the western. The American Methodists are to choose their own writers and speakers.

The following is an outline for each day's proceedings during the twelve days of the Conference, though it may undergo some modification hereafter:—

SEPT. 7.—Sermon by Bishop Simpson; address of welcome and responses.

SEPT. 8.—Methodist history and its results; grateful recognition of the hand of God in the origin and progress of Methodism; Methodism is a popular movement sanctifying and elevating society.

SEPT. 9.—Evangelical agents of Methodism, ministerial and lay; women's work in the Church; Scriptural holiness.

SEPT. 10.—Methodism and the young; training young people in Christian homes and in day and Sunday-schools.

SEPT. 12.—Historic relation of Methodism to the temperance reformation; the relation of the temperance reform to other reforms, especially to the observance of the Sabbath; juvenile temperance organizations and their promotion through the Sunday-schools, etc.

SEPT. 13.—Possible perils to Methodism: 1. From the papacy, from sacerdotalism and its connected errors; 2. from modern skepticism in its different forms and manifestations; 3. from formalism, worldliness, and improper diversions in their influence and character; the consequent loss of spirituality; 4. from innovations upon established Methodist usages and institutions, and a resultant diminution of denominational efficiency.

SEPT. 14.—Education: The higher education demanded by the necessities of the Church; the duty of the Church in its influence and character; the education and special training of ministers in the theological schools, etc.

SEPT. 15.—The use of the press for the advancement of Christianity; periodical publications of every grade, except those designed for children; denominational book publishing houses, are they desirable? and, if so, how ought they to be managed so as most effectively to promote Christianity? Juvenile literature; its importance, its production, and its distribution; the daily news journal, and the use to be made of it in the Church.

SEPT. 16.—Home missions: Maintenance of home missions among the poorest and most degraded populations. The important work which the Methodist laity have performed in this and other directions, and the great opportunities which they have for the future. The duty of providing houses of worship for the poor. Methodism and its work for orphans, for the aged, etc.

SEPT. 17.—Foreign Missions: The results of home missions in pagan lands. The relation of the foreign work to the home work. How to avoid rivalry, and confusion of the pagan mind from different Methodist bodies occupying the same or contiguous fields. The establishment and support of training-schools for native converts.

SEPT. 19.—Foreign Missions contin-

ued: The use of the press in non-Christian countries for the promotion of the Gospel. The mission work required in papal and semi-papal lands. The special need of a co-operative Methodistism in papal and pagan lands. The resources of Methodism in numbers, wealth, organization, and spiritual life for the work of the world's conversion, and the best methods of developing and employing these resources.

SEPT. 20.—Christian Unity: How Christian unity may be maintained and increased among ourselves and made manifest to the world; as, for instance, by a common ritual, uniform order of worship, and co-operative labors at home and abroad. The catholicity of Methodism, as manifested in its polity and history. Methodism is a bond of brotherhood among the nations.

Obituaries.

Rev. ZADOK S. HAYNES was born in Guilford, Vt., May 16, 1816, and was blessed with an early religious training both by precept and example.

His parents were earnest Christians and members of the M. E. Church; his father being a local preacher and a pioneer of Methodism in his section, devoting what time he could spare from his farm to freely preaching a free Gospel. Zadok was converted in December, 1835, and received into the church by Rev. Caleb Dustin, who was then traveling on Guilford circuit.

After spending a few years on his father's farm, and in mechanical labor, feeling it his duty to occupy a more public sphere, he first accepted an exhorter's license, and in August, 1840, a license to preach, at Newbury, Vt.

He was ordained by the New Hampshire Conference, and received the following appointments: West Bradford, Barre, Cabot, Keeneville, Tisbury Falls, Woodbury, Hartland, Woodstock, Williamstown, Chelsea, Rochester, Randolph, So. Royalton, Fairlee, and Newbury, in the Vermont Conference.

In 1871 he was transferred to the Providence Conference, in which he was stationed at Stoughton, Mass.; N. Manchester, Thompsonville, Greenville, Conn.; Hope and Washington, R. I.; and Baltic and Hockanum, Conn.

At the annual conference, he was united in marriage to Miss Marion W. Bayley, in January, 1843, with four children lives to mourn the loss of a loving and indulgent husband and father. Brother H. was blessed with a vigorous constitution; hence while his labors were abundant, for his first thirty years in Conference he lost only five Sabbaths from sickness. And we may give as another reason for his long and constant cheerfulness and his out-door exercise in traveling what were real circuits in Vermont, in his early ministry. His acceptability as a preacher may be inferred from the fact that over five hundred conversions were among the first in the Conference, and that he remained in most of them as long as our rules allowed.

In his charges, up to 1870, we find an account of over five hundred conversions. Later he left no account; but in each parish some souls were brought to Christ. At the Conference of 1880 he appeared as well as usual, and strong for a man of his years, but soon after going to his new appointment, his health very perceptibly failed, and at the last Williamstown camp-meeting it was evident the Master would soon call for him. We were much surprised when he returned to his home at Williamstown, where after great suffering at times, which was alleviated by the unobtrusive attention of friends, he quietly fell asleep, March 7, 1881, aged 64 years, 2 months, and 25 days.

His funeral was attended March 10, and addresses were made by the writer and Dr. Talbot. Then his three sons and son-in-law, with loving hands, laid him to rest. GEO. W. BREWSTER.

CHARLES BYRNE was born in Bristol, England, Dec. 21, 1826, and died in Chicopee, Mass., March 16, 1881, aged 54 years, 2 months, and 25 days.

Brother B., at the time of his death, was a class-leader, a steward, and a teacher in the First Baptist Church of Chicopee. He came to this country when eighteen years old, and after about four years returned to England, and was married in Bristol to the lady with whom he lived for some time after returned to America, and having spent some time in New York, moved to Brookfield in this State, where he engaged in business. About twenty years ago he removed to Chicopee, where he ever afterwards resided.

He was always a man of excellent moral qualities, and in these, he said, he used to trust, until he came to see, about six years ago, that he needed salvation through Jesus Christ, whom he sought with all his heart, and was thoroughly converted to God and united with this church. He was a man of whom every one who knew him speaks in the highest terms. He felt himself under a great obligation to be in his place at all the church services, as to attend to his secular duties at the appointed hours. Thoroughly conscientious in everything, he was always open to conviction, and firmly adhered to what he believed to be right, if all his friends thought otherwise. He was conspicuously charitable in thought and deed, always putting the best construction upon the actions of others which it would admit. He was generous beyond his means, industrious, frugal, and as to business integrity, a model for the world. A few years ago the firm of which he was partner, and the consequence of his business, and he lost all he had. A few friends loaned him a little capital to start again, and he struck out alone, being a tanner and currier, determined to pay every dollar of the indebtedness of the firm, if he could; but it was a vain effort to produce leather for the market by muscular power in competition with machinery. He overworked, and when he ceased, he was so weak that he could not stand, and he had not adequate vitality to resist, and so was overcome.

Such men are rare. He rests from his labors, and is with Jesus. He leaves a widow and three children, two of whom are married. ALBERT GOULD.

PATIENCE BRANDE, wife of Augustine Brande, died in Chatham, Mass., Oct. 14, 1880, at the age of forty.

Sister B. was converted when fourteen years of age, and after time joined the M. E. Church in East Haverhill. She was modest and unassuming, but devoted and consistent in her Christian life, and one whom every one loved, possessing a frail and delicate constitution, she found, amid the years of her greatest usefulness, her health and strength declining with the approach of that deceptive disease consumption, of which she at last died.

She was a faithful, loving mother, sanctifying her household cares and duties with the spirit of her piety. During the last months of her sickness, her sufferings were very great, and, added to these, were the anxieties she felt about her husband, who also was lying hopelessly prostrated by disease. But her trials were unusually severe; but

amid all this she was patient and hopeful. She received the summons to depart, in peace and triumph. A little more than four months after her death, the late husband passed away, we trust to join the happy spirit of his companion in glory.

One son and a daughter are left to mourn their loss, upon whom may the benedictions of the mother's God be descended! R.

ROSWELL CORBIN died at South Weymouth, Feb. 5, aged 80 years.

His early life was passed in Vermont, where he was an earnest worker and successful class-leader. A sympathizing, warm-hearted Christian, he made many friends and encouraged many souls. He loved his brethren, and delighted in the means of grace. He died in triumph. L.

Mrs. OLIVE GOUGH was called, with scarcely a moment's warning, Jan. 4, 1881, to leave the church militant and join the church triumphant.

Sister Gough was the M. E. Church in this place in 1862, and remained an active and faithful member till her decease. Death had visited her home a few days before, and her beautiful, sweet, and kind heart was taken from her to bloom in the garden of the Lord. The day before the decease of Sister G., the writer of this called at her home and found her strong in faith, ardent in her love for the church of her choice and the cause of her Master. She looked forward with great pleasure to the time when she would be permitted again to meet with God's people on the Sabbath and in social meetings, and expressed a desire to make up for her detention at home by increased activity. She was blessed with a sweet disposition and other natural graces of mind and person. To add to her Christian virtues which won for her the esteem and friendship of all. Her record is on high. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." B. FREEMAN.

Kennebunkport.

HIRSH HARRISON, was born at Stamford, Mass., Oct. 16, 1818, and died at Stamford Springs, Conn., June 1, 1880.

For fifty years he was a member of the Methodist Church, and, in his case, this is equivalent to saying, not only that the church had his name upon its books all this time, but also that it had the benefit of half a century of active, faithful service. He was a layman and minister, in death he will be remembered by them with thoughts of love and honor. The forebodings of approaching death which, during the last of great travail, he gave expression to in prayer-meetings, did not in the least cloud his faith; rather his confidence became firmer and his song more victorious. E. D. T.

Died, in Newton Upper Falls, March 4, 1881, Mrs. MATILDA PETTEE, aged nearly 85 years.

She was for a little more than twenty-eight years the widow of Otis Pettee, esq., from the fact that she was connected as a mechanic, inventor and manufacturer, holding a high place in the esteem and confidence of his people.

Sister P. was one of an honored company who were connected with the founding and early development of our Methodist Episcopal Church in Newton Upper Falls. When the late Marshall S. Rice purchased the village house of worship, in 1831, she and her husband were among the first to become supporters of the newly-organized society. In 1833, Mrs. Pettee became a member of the church, under the pastorate of Rev. John Parker. Of the many highly-esteemed members who were united at the same time, only three remain.

As a pastor of Sister Pettee in 1845-6 she lived, and in 1847, she was again united to her husband, who continued to be a faithful and active member of the church until his death. During her life she was a devoted and faithful wife, and a true and loving mother. Her husband, in the support of the church of her early and persistent love. One of her recent acts in this respect was a generous subscription in aid of an effort to secure the payment of a burdensome debt on the parsonage.

For several years past her health has been much impaired, though retaining the generous vigor of her mind. Her passing was a great loss to the church, and her husband, who was a faithful and active member of the church, and a true and loving mother. Her husband, in the support of the church of her early and persistent love. One of her recent acts in this respect was a generous subscription in aid of an effort to secure the payment of a burdensome debt on the parsonage.

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